The Commonweal

February 8, 1952

EAST GERMAN REFUGEES

Bertrand Schneider

The Defective as Movie Hero

Edwin Halsey

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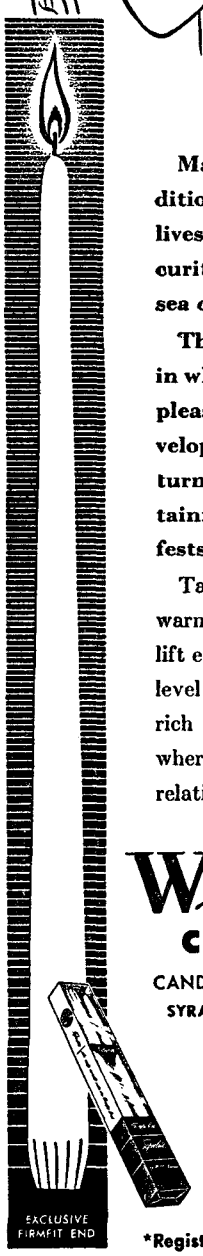

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***Editor*: Edward S. Skillin**
***Contributing Editor*: Philip Burnham**
***Feature Editor*: John Cogley**
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***Associate Editors*:**
John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Francis Downing
***Cinema*: Philip T. Hartung**
***Theatre*: Walter Kerr**

***Advertising Manager*: John Brubaker**

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Omens in the Middle East

THERE appears to be no end to the trials confronting the embattled Western Powers. At last the defenses of Europe are gradually taking form; there are also encouraging reports from Greece and Turkey. Aggression in Korea has been met and stopped by the UN forces. But the preparations for a Chinese Communist push into Southeast Asia force our attention upon another big vital area to be defended. And bloody disorders in Egypt and Tunisia threaten to intensify and to spread throughout the far-flung Middle East.

This last is a vast area, predominantly Moslem, peopled by nearly two hundred millions and of incalculable economic and strategic importance. At its heart lies the Suez Canal, long the principal link between Europe and the East. On the northern rim of Africa, under French control, are the bases—and sites for bases—on which American bombers are to be held in readiness to retaliate and thereby to serve as a constant warning to the USSR against any further incursions into Europe. In Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia lie tremendous oil reserves. The Middle East is indeed comparable to the Ruhr when it comes to strategic importance of a global sort.

These Islamic lands are seething with unrest. As nations they are at present incapable of common action of an organized sort; yet their peoples are imbued with the same intense desire to throw off their colonial shackles. So far Communist agents are not generally in evidence and the extent to which they have spurred on native uprisings remains unknown.

In Tunisia, Iran and Egypt, however, fervent nationalism has been aroused by certain politicians for their own personal ends. Here and there these native leaders have, however, begun to perceive that they have started a conflagration which may not be extinguished until they and their public careers have also been consumed.

The device of diverting popular unrest by instigating war or trouble elsewhere is at best a desperate last-ditch measure. It could hardly have been more foolhardy than in this case. For the wealthy ruling classes in Arab lands will be unable to satisfy the passions they have aroused simply by ejecting the Europeans. Poverty will only deepen. Unorganized as they are, the Moslem masses will not rest until they have swept away much of the disparity in wealth and privilege that has kept them in such an abject state—prey to hunger and disease, deprived of security and decent shelter, subject to continual exploitation. Their own ruling classes are largely to blame, the misdeeds and omissions of the colonial authorities notwithstanding.

Even now, with order forcibly restored by British and French soldiers, there remains some elbow room in which to negotiate. As far as the British and French are concerned, every last thing is not yet lost. The fact that Tunisia will still accept French control in matters of foreign policy and territorial security shows that, with intelligent proceeding, something may be salvaged.

BUT the time is frighteningly limited. In Egypt and Tunisia there is but a short breathing spell. In the former there seems less to be salvaged than in the latter. Genuine willingness of the Europeans to negotiate and to concede, to supplant vague general promises by specific commitments bearing a due date, however, is essential. With Britain this presents great difficulty in that her and Egypt's views on the protection of the Canal and the sovereignty of the Sudan are poles apart.

There remains the basic cause of the unrest that is sweeping through the Middle East. How can the poverty and exploitation characteristic

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of the area be transformed in time to be of any help in the present surcharged crisis? Little can be expected for months beyond the blueprint stage. Yet without a frontal attack on the root difficulties, political transition would but postpone the reckoning for a time. Something akin to the Point IV formula must be applied on a grand scale throughout the Arab world. Otherwise no aggregate of troops and modern weapons will stem the tide. No political concessions by themselves will do it either. The Arab masses have risen in frenzied revolt, in violent protest, against the whole wretched tenor of their lives.

The Witness and TV

BEYOND the fact that television has come to stay in a big way everything is murky about the TV *future*. Even entertainment, which is so pre-eminently the new medium's stock in trade now, is not yet sure of itself; lavish as some entertainment is, it is patently still in the experimental stage.

Once we step beyond that area the questions multiply. We know that television is becoming more and more of an essential ingredient of our political campaigns. But have we established what would comprise the most effective surroundings for the speeches themselves? Few of our leaders have declared that the TV public should be in on the sessions of Congress.

Many are conscious, moreover, that here is a new medium with tremendous educational and cultural possibilities, but this field remains largely unexplored despite a certain public uneasiness about the omission. And such procedural matters as the relationship between the movies and TV remain largely uncharted.

The stunning success of the Kefauver crime hearings with the TV public presents a new series of questions. These programs, at least temporarily, suceeded in interesting the individual citizen in certain workings of his government as nothing had ever succeeded before. As a result Mr. Rudolph Halley would have it that at long last democracy is again within reach of the individual citizen.

That is one aspect of the matter. Another of even greater moment is the way televising affects witnesses at government hearings or in our courts. The difference between Congressional public hearings—or court sessions, which are open to the public—and hearings and sessions which are televised is perhaps only one of degree. But there are times when that degree is so great as to tip the balance.

Take a trial in the average court, for instance. Here the temperament of the witness, the circumstances under which he is called and the stakes involved in the decision often subject him to pressures that are difficult for him to sustain. He is seldom at his best. But when the small group which has found its way into a courtroom expands to the dimensions of a national—or even a local—television audience, these pressures will often become overpowering. It is no wonder, then, that the New York State Bar Association has taken a stand against televising judicial trials.

For all the changes it has wrought and can be counted on effecting later, TV should not be permitted to transform the nature or purposes of our law courts. Everything, including the informing and arousing of our citizenry, must be secondary to the objective of seeing justice done. Whatever tends to befuddle a claimant, a defendant or a witness, to deprive him of the full use of his faculties as he testifies before his peers, must automatically be excluded. For the equality and inviolability of the individual human person before the law is one of our national traditions of which we are most justly proud.

NEXT WEEK

ANDREW BOYLE writes about the uprisings in the Middle East.

"If the United States, Britain and France are about to share fresh burdens in the Middle East, as they have been sharing different but no less weighty burdens elsewhere since the war, the first essential is that they should not hug to themselves mutual doubts and misgivings. Granted that the American public intuitively sympathizes with any people seeking to achieve freedom, other factors must also be carefully considered before judgments are passed and decisions are made."

Safety in the Mines

FOLLOWING the Centralia, Illinois, mine disaster Congress passed a bill requiring reports on the operators' compliance with the recommendations of federal mine inspectors. The reports made in 1948 showed that 59 percent of

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the hazards found remained uncorrected. Last year 790 miners perished.

Congress is once again considering remedial legislation—in the wake of the even larger West Frankfort, Ill., disaster, which made 111 women widows, 80 of them with children. A leading proposal is the McNeeley Bill, which authorizes the Bureau of Mines to close down all pits which federal inspectors deem unsafe.

Present safety regulations are patently inadequate. Union locals, with their "safety committees," have for several years had the right to withdraw their men from mines where conditions were found to be unsafe. Each of the several states has its own safety laws and the power to enforce them. Federal inspectors have the power to investigate and to recommend. But as is tragically demonstrated not only in big disasters but also in the steady toll from lesser explosions, singly or in combination these fail adequately to protect our coal miners at their livelihood.

Only federal legislation with teeth would seem to provide a satisfactory answer. The new federal code should be uniform in its requirements and it will have to be honestly and thoroughly enforced. But it must be enacted now while there is substantial public support for it. The nation's coal miners and their families have a right to nothing less.

A Voice in the Wilderness

IN THE January 22 issue of *The Reporter*, Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, leading Protestant theologian, pointed out some common American misconceptions in an article on Catholics and Politics.

Dr. Niebuhr began by outlining his own basic objections—"misgivings" he called them—before launching into a discussion of Catholic political thought and practice. He objects to the very existence of religious political parties, such as are found in Western Europe, because "they tend to identify the moral ambiguities of politics (and every political position contains some moral ambiguities) with eternal sanctities." The result, he thinks, is that "almost any struggle can be interpreted as a contest between Christ and Antichrist."

This is a point well taken and surely one particularly apropos here in the United States where political differences are not basically ideological but largely partisan. In this country religious parties are neither necessary nor appropriate. On the Continent, where dynamic anti-religious and anti-Church ideologies have long been incarnated in political parties, Christian believers have faced a somewhat different situation. Where philosophies of life and all-encompassing ideologies compete in the open political market, Catholics (and in some places Protestants) have seen fit to risk the dangers Dr. Niebuhr senses.

The so-called religious parties, necessary as they might seem to have been, have not always avoided the trap of self-righteousness into which the devout fall so easily—identifying their every cause with the Cause. For this reason the Church, which is popularly identified with the parties bearing its name, has sometimes actually been more damaged than honored by their presence in the political arena.

Dr. Niebuhr says he believes that one great achievement of Anglo-Saxon democracy is that it has no religious parties. This "achievement," it seems to us, rests on the preservation of the ideal of religious liberty in the democracies, which—in this case, as in so many—works out for the good of Church and State alike.

Dr. Niebuhr's second misgiving is based on the historic Protestant objection to the Catholic Church's claims for itself (which criticism every believing Catholic will, by the very fact that he does believe, reject). He goes on to point out the tendency among Catholics to judge political good or evil not according to its intrinsic merits but as to how it (seemingly) benefits the Church.

The question was heatedly debated in these columns some years ago. Given our concept of the Church, the Catholic's great temptation is to succumb to this kind of sectarian criterion. It has been the source of much scandal and misunderstanding and sometimes the too-close linking of churchmen with unsavory political regimes. In the United States there is a variant on this in what Francis Downing has called the "tribal approach" to political matters. It is a temptation that should be recognized as such. Many Catholics share Dr. Niebuhr's "misgiving" on this score.

The last of the Niebuhr objections rests on clear theological and philosophical grounds. To accept it would virtually be to undermine the whole foundation of Catholic religious thought. Dr. Niebuhr finds the reasoning of Catholic political moralists too dependent on "rational propositions". He does not accept the concept of the Natural Law, hence rejects the Catholic case against divorce and birth control, for example.

All this Dr. Neibuhr describes as a "confession

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of prejudices." He then goes to the heart of the matter. It seems completely unknown to the American critics of Catholicism, he says, that the "'middle ground' of European democracy is now being held, and has been long held, primarily, by a combination of Catholic and socialist parties." This in answer to those who think the Catholic spirit is inevitably politically authoritarian. Then he credits the Church with having regained an organic relationship with labor in recent years and with being a powerful force against laissez-faire capitalism. Catholic trade unionists have been the bridge which made the crucial alliance between Catholics and socialists possible, he says.

"It would be well for Protestants who talk about the 'reactionary' tendencies of Catholicism to remember that, in religious terms, the main political struggles in America would appear to be between Jews and Catholics who are left of the Center and Protestants who are right of it," Niebuhr points out.

Some of the misconceptions about Catholicism in the United States, in Dr. Niebuhr's opinion, can be traced to the fact that Catholic leaders do not publicly disagree with each other. The more outspoken among the Church leaders are mistakenly presumed to be enunciating the only existing, indeed the only possible, opinion. Again, Catholic leaders do not disassociate themselves publicly from political positions taken by their counterparts abroad, although they may do so privately. "Thus they are partly responsible for the myth of a monolithic Catholic party, speaking with the same voice throughout the world."

In a final statement he warns his readers: "It is dangerous for all of us to give the myth credence. Catholicism naturally has a greater unity of discipline than other religious communities. But it has the freedom to relate itself to various national situations. It also has many moral and spiritual resources which can act creatively in a free and responsible society."

DR. NIEBUHR, it seems to us, is to be roundly congratulated for this thoughtful treatment of a delicate question. Ever since Blanshardism caught on, Catholics have been waiting for some outstanding Protestant leader publicly to challenge the "myths" Niebuhr has come to grips with. The silence was ominous. May we hope that others will follow Dr. Niebuhr's example of offering sane, reasonable and factual criticism? The tone of most of the present controversy—climaxing in the excesses of the anti-Vatican Ambassador rhetoricians—has made healthy exchange of opinion and disagreement impossible.

When men put their prejudices aside or recognize them for what they are, as Dr. Niebuhr did in his *Reporter* article, they can usually agree to disagree. It is time, we think, that representative American Protestant, Catholic and Jewish leaders sit down together, as they did during the war when a peace-aims program was drawn up, and prepare a political (not a religious) statement, as Americans, on their common fundamental support of the principle of Church-State separation. Why should the present controversy continue to be dominated by myth-mongers and hot-headed partisans? Reinhold Niebuhr's approach is the kind that lessens tensions, instead of increasing them, that forthrightly comes to terms with the real issues. There are many like him in all camps, we feel sure. It is past time their voices were heard.

Floods on the Ohio

OF the many things that stump people of other lands about the United States, few must be more puzzling than the havoc periodically wrought by floods along our major river beds. Every so often, with weather like ours, major floods are inevitable. Why is it that a nation with the facilities and know-how of ours has permitted such recurrences of loss of life and property as has resulted from the present Ohio River flood?

Offhand it would seem that only two main explanations are possible. The first is the clash between various private and sectional interests. The history of the attempts to set up effective controls along the vast Missouri Valley is a case in point. Army engineers fought, and then teamed up with, the Reclamation Bureau; various private interests also exerted every influence to forestall the establishment of a Missouri Valley Authority. That complex valley is still without controls that are effective. The Tennessee Valley Authority remains our solitary boast.

The other possible explanation is our perennial optimism. But can it be that people living in and near our river valleys are simply hoping against hope that the big waters will never rise to plague them again and are content to let it go at that?

In any case it is nearly twenty years since TVA began to demonstrate what effective controls could do for a whole river valley. Since then we have had a number of devastating floods. The two facts do not logically go together.

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East German Refugees

Nine million uprooted men, women and children have sought refuge in the Western Zones.

By BERTRAND SCHNEIDER

WE still tremble when people speak of Dachau or Buchenwald. How many families were tortured at these camps, how many perished in the furnaces! And think of those who survived: the sick who had lost part of themselves, the half-dead, few of whom, even under the best conditions, will ever be able again to lead normal lives. When, several years after the liberation, *The Twenty-fifth Hour* was published, it was startling and aroused us in spite of ourselves.

Concentration camps still exist. The numbers of refugees from China, Korea, Palestine, Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Germany continue to increase; thousands of human beings who have done nothing more than live normally, in average fashion, like any of us. They were neither very good nor very bad. They were average men. And now they have lost everything; they are wounded but they no longer have the strength to cry out; they merely exist. Death, identification tags, rape, separations are finally accepted as the normal thing by them. They no longer have hope.

And what are we Christians doing for our near neighbor, for the man who is most like to Christ bearing the Cross? We are duty-bound to think with special solicitude of these people, as of all who suffer persecution. The German refugees among whom I lived this past summer count on us so much. Their problem, for the most part, is ignored abroad. But because of its importance it extends far beyond Germany to become a truly European problem.

The first point to keep in mind in order to understand the situation is the arbitrary separation of Germany into two occupation zones. The Eastern section, from all points of view, is completely separated from the rest of Europe and placed under the political and economic direction of the Soviet authorities. The Western is still partially subject to the control of the American, English and French occupation authorities but has a relatively independent federal government.

The German economy has been hampered by wartime destruction of homes and factories and the dismantling of many other productive facilities since. Unemployment is rampant. The number of maimed is striking; in the trains entire compartments are reserved for them and much used. You will meet disfigured men and amputees, particularly young ones, everywhere. It is also impossible to ignore the ravages resulting from the great defeat. All this must be borne in mind when considering the plight of the nine million refugees now found in Western Germany.

WE ourselves did not know much about it. A friend who had visited one had told us of these camps inhabited by German populations that had been systematically expelled from the territories annexed by Poland and the Soviet Union. He had spoken of their frightful misery without giving any details. We also realized that we were unable to do anything on the material level and that whatever help we would be able to bring would have to be of a moral sort. We had no idea what camp we could visit, how we would live there or how we could make contact with the refugees. Many were skeptical about it.

Yet five of us, all French, met in Hamburg, July 18. Our first contacts were with a household of young German friends who took us in; this was the beginning of a strong group life which was to sustain us in the weeks that followed. So, with packs on our backs, we walked the few miles which lie between the railroad station and the little village of Neustadt near Oldenburg in Lower Saxony. We found ourselves in the country, lodged in a barn and surrounded by general curiosity. It was the first time that they had seen any foreigners there.

The region is entirely given over to farming, with a few dairy and peat plants. The farms are large, and a profusion of flowers lends a note of gaiety to the monotonous countryside where it

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Mr. Schneider is a French journalist who has made a special study of the refugee problem.

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often rains. The great majority of the refugees come from the Glatz region. Their evacuation was methodically organized as it was everywhere else.

Contact with the people was not easy. The town gave us a list of the refugees. But what pretext could we give for visiting them? The first two attempts were disastrous. We seemed to them to be an investigating commission.

In a wooden hovel, hidden behind a farmhouse, lived two families of Silesians, altogether eight persons; all were unemployed. They received an unemployment benefit of sixteen marks (less than four dollars) a week for four people. Their greeting was friendly but without any illusions: "Still another investigating commission. We know what that means—they come and pity us but do nothing to help." A woman left in tears, for Frenchmen reminded her of Calais where her husband had been killed.

But in the countryside hovels are rare. The town has compelled the inhabitants to take in refugee families. Living conditions vary widely. Sometimes there are dilapidated houses chilled by icy air currents. Sometimes the lodgings are barns or farm buildings made over by the refugees themselves; sometimes there are rooms that are quite neat. The character of dwelling place indicates the state of the various refugees' fortunes. As in France, a poor table is a sign of a lean purse. But in general there is a notable effort to adorn the single room which one has to call home.

The number of occupants varies from two to twelve. We found an entire family in one room behind one of the flower-bordered farm homes of the region. Eight children were camped as best they could be on broken-down sofas or on cushions. The oldest daughter lived there too, with her husband and their two infants. No privacy was possible for this young household. The wife, a sturdy peasant from Silesia with a harsh accent, told us how she had had to flee with all the children on only twenty-four hours' notice; her husband was still a prisoner then. We found the meeting very painful and felt ashamed to be confronted by all the misery, which brutally unfolded before us, without being able to do anything. The problem of shelter is usually the determining factor in the relationship between the refugees and natives of the area.

From the beginning this relationship has been very difficult. The families of the region who were forced to take in refugees no longer could carry on in their accustomed ways and were deprived of part of their dwellings; the refugees felt terribly confined after the larger manner of existence to which they had been accustomed. The natives of the area tended to express their ill will against the intruders by nagging or by indifference, while their guests closed in upon themselves and made no effort to do anything useful for their unwilling hosts. Religious antagonism aggravated the situation still further.

Each refugee family felt thrown back upon its own psychological resources. The addition of this surplus population and its isolation tended to create a proletarian mentality, an inferiority complex, bitterness and rancor.

Work is scarce in the region. The main activity, raising dairy herds and horses, requires a minimum of hands but special training. These refugees, however, come from industrial districts. Only a few have been able to find work in the most important city of the region, Brake. The great majority accepts the status of unemployed, with the pitiful dole allotted by the government.

OUR visit to Madame Krause marked a turning point. She was a widow who lived with her small son in a house sheltering several families. Our conversation at the front door was at first very painful. She spoke to us of her homeland with a hard and distant look. Her whole story seemed to come back to her: "Ah, if it had been only possible to create a union, an association of refugees!" But she remained very reserved and defiant.

Finally we told her that one of us, despite his lay garb, was a Catholic priest, Father Maurice. Her face changed, lighted up, and she smiled for the first time. She became friendly and spoke with confidence. She was a Catholic and now told us all her troubles. She said that she would come to Mass tomorrow and let the others know about it.

We also invited the other refugees, nearly all of whom were Catholics. The Mass was a great event for them, for in this completely Protestant land—"evangelical," as they put it—Mass is offered but once every two weeks by one of the two priests in the district. At first there were thirty of us in the local schoolroom where we had set up an altar. For all the distances involved and the frequent rain, more people came every morning and on Sunday there were one hundred and forty singing their national hymns with all their hearts. Despite their isolation and

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the absence of the Sacraments, theirs was a living faith, and daily Mass succeeded in bringing together the little community which had been scattered.

But we were reaching only Catholics, although several afternoons later all the children in the village came to take part in the games and song fests we had organized for them. In the evenings, after the songs, sketches and meditation on the Beatitudes, we were able to engage in interesting conversation with people whom we had not met before. When we left Neustadt at the end of twelve days we could sense the regret of those we left behind but also realized that their hope had revived.

AT Flensburg what we tried to do was more fundamental. Our group stayed there almost two months longer than the twelve days at Neustadt. And the conditions there were quite different from every aspect.

Flensburg, situated at the end of a fjord on the German-Danish frontier north of Schleswig-Holstein, had specialized in building boats before the war and was the center of instruction for German sailors. Today there is a slight re sumption of boat-building activity under the control of the British authorities. Before the war the population was seventy thousand inhabitants; refugees brought the figure to over a hundred thousand in 1945-6. Since then some thirty thousand more refugees have been added. Most of them come from Pomerania, Danzig, Posen and East Prussia, only a few from Silesia.

They were expelled in 1945 and left in trains, boats and on foot, abandoning almost all their earthly goods. They hardly have the courage to think of this exodus any more and very few will speak of it. They set out for the West without knowing where, carrying as much as they could, then little by little discarding whatever proved too heavy or too cumbersome along the way. They had nothing to eat and had to abandon the bodies of the children and old people who had perished of cold and hunger on the march.

One mother told us how six of her children had died this way; another had lost four, and her fifth had been crushed by an American truck whose driver was drunk. Not a baby had been spared during this flight in which the women had to go on alone, as nearly all able-bodied men were still prisoners. Nearly all the women from twelve years of age to eighty had been violated. Children with Asiatic features, with Russian fathers, are commonly found in the refugee camps.

This is the way that, in a completely chance fashion, great numbers of wretched, ill and uprooted people, who had to be fed and sheltered, arrived at Flensburg. Many could go no farther and remained in Western Germany. The conditions under which they live are unbelievable. Louise G. watches all night long to keep her tiny son, only a few months old, from being devoured by the rats—as had already happened to several other babies. Her five-year-old daughter got lost one day in the crowd of people at the camp and she never found her again.

Many of these refugees have fled from the Soviet Zone to reach Western Germany and they are still arriving every day. There is no movement in the opposite direction, although many still have part of their family in the East; they are too terrified of the Soviet regime.

"If the Russians come I will throw myself into the fjord with all my children," a mother said. "It is not Christian, I know. But I can't help it."

(This is the first half of a two-part article; the conclusion will be published next week.)

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Insurance Agents on Strike

WHEN the Ford Company made peace with the CIO after a violent strike in 1941, it was said that the last great citadel of the open shop in America had fallen. It wasn't true. Those of us who said that were thinking of productive industry. There were actually plenty of citadels left standing, and still are.

One of them is the Prudential Life Insurance Company. As this is written about 10,000 AFL insurance agents are in the seventh week of their strike against that financial giant — with its nine billion dollars in assets, second in the insurance field only to Metropolitan Life (ten billions).

This is the largest white collar workers' strike in the history of the American labor movement. It is also the first national strike of white collar workers in U. S. labor history, reaching into thirty-five states in a bargaining unit of over fifteen thousand agents. Of these about five thousand are at work, many of them non-union. The rest are holding steady in what now looks as though it may be a winning fight.

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But even if these agents win, there will still be about twenty thousand unorganized office workers in the Prudential system. Metropolitan has another forty thousand non-union employees, including agents and office workers. Then there are the big banks, still untouched by any taint of collective bargaining.

There is a mildly anti-labor story going around. One girl says to another, "I understand you broke off your engagement. How come?" Second girl says, "He lied to me. He told me he was a bricklayer making three dollars an hour, when all the time he was only a bank president."

There are good reasons why the last citadels of the open shop in America are in the white collar trades. Although they are supposed to have had superior education, most of the white collar workers of America are still wet behind the ears, living on dreams that are only one jump removed from the infantile tales of Horatio Alger.

But they are learning. You can't kick men, or even women, in the shins year after year without running the risk that a few intelligent ideas will seep in as to why their shins are hurting and what to do about it.

THE insurance agents have been learning fast. Of the big companies, only the Metropolitan still has a majority of non-union agents. The CIO and AFL represent about eight thousand of the twenty-one thousand total. Hancock, the No. 3 company, has a union-shop contract with the CIO, which speaks for its 6,200 agents. The Prudential is an AFL outfit, with only one thousand of the sixteen thousand total not represented by the Insurance Agents International Union, AFL. These holdouts are in a small mid-western independent.

The agents have seen a Communist union come and go. The former UOPWA-CIO, now DPOW and ousted from the CIO, which once spoke for about twenty-five thousand men, is now reduced to bargaining rights for a mere 386 Mutual agents in the Boston area.

But the agents' faith in trade unionism burns more strongly all the time. Consider this strike, which has some of the qualities of a Don Quixote episode. The AFL union (IAIU) is less than four years old. It has no treasury to speak of. Its first contract with Prudential was signed in 1949 and ran until last December 1. In October negotiations opened up for a new contract. The company made an offer at the first session and has been saying take it or leave it ever since, that is, until a few weeks ago, when there appeared an indication that well, maybe, something might be added.

The union offered to arbitrate the whole thing on November 11. The company refused. The union took a strike vote. Although they knew there was no strike fund, the members voted about twelve to one to walk out on December 1, as soon as the contract expired. Since then the union officials have drawn neither salary nor expenses.

YOU have to be pretty angry to take such chances. The agents were angry. I talked to Leo Wallace, New England organizer and strike leader for the union.

"The minimum guarantee, the minimum wage of a Prudential agent," he told me, "is exactly thirty-five dollars. Out of that he must pay his car expense and even his own postage. The union is asking that this minimum be raised to fifty-five dollars. Surely that is not an unreasonably demand. So far the company has offered no increase at all on this minimum."

I found out that the method of compensation for an agent is very complicated. On weekly industrial insurance he gets 12% to 15%, on monthly policies 6%, on ordinary life insurance something else again. The company has offered a deal whereby the agents will get more if they sell so much of so-and-so type of insurance, and a little more if they sell so much of such-and-such. To me the whole thing smelled like one of those carnival pitches where you try to guess which walnut shell the man has slipped the little pea under.

The men want the cash where they can see and feel it, on that thirty-five dollar minimum. They believe it should be fifty-five. I think they are right.

The company says the average pay is $111. This is because some few agents can make maybe fifty grand a year owing to special abilities, special effort, or special friends. But by Prudential's own figures, 62.5% of the agents make less than one hundred a week and about 24% less than eighty. So that the wage of the average agent, as opposed to the average wage, is a great deal less than $111.

I SAT in a strike meeting of the Boston agents in a dingy hall on Huntington Avenue. They were quiet and attentive as the strike committee chairman outlined the latest developments. When he told how the agents in New York State would be getting unemployment compensation as they completed their seventh week on strike, the attention increased. But when somebody asked if there was any chance of getting unemployment compensation in Massachusetts, the quiet was deafening. There was no chance. Massachusetts doesn't think it would be fair.

There was only one flare-up at the meeting. That was when the chairman reported that Prudential was recruiting office workers from a Catholic high school in Dorchester to work during the strike. One striker, who looked like a warm-blooded Irishman, objected to this question being raised. He yelled, "You're out of order!" Other men yelled, "You're *not* out of order!" But the chairman, in deference to religious feelings, dropped it.

In deference to religious feelings, I appeal to readers of this column to support this strike if it is still on at the time they read this. The men are very hard up. Their only income is what they get from other unions. Their publicity has not been what it might be and these donations have not been tremendous.

The address is: Strike Committee, Insurance Agents International Union, AFL, 724 Ninth St. NW, Washington, D. C.

JOHN C. CORT.

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FROM CANADA

The Revolution in Ottawa

BEFORE Mr. Churchill signed his Winston Spencer to the final Washington communique, saying that he no longer objected to the appointment of an American admiral as NATO's supreme commander in the Atlantic, he surely must have mulled over the unhappy implications of his decision. For a time, contemplating a proud Britannia unable to carry on ruling the waves, he must have been sad. Perhaps the measure of his sadness can be gleaned best of all from a story which made the rounds during the British Prime Minister's visit to Ottawa.

It was soon after Mr. Churchill's return to power (so the story goes), that he received a Canadian diplomat at 10 Downing Street. Lester B. Pearson, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, happened to be passing through London; in Paris he had led Canada's delegation to the UN General Assembly, now he was Rome-bound to preside over a NATO Council meeting.

After a short chat, "Mike" Pearson inquired politely if there was anything he could do for Mr. Churchill when he returned to Ottawa.

"Would you mind," said His Majesty's first minister testily, "Pearson, would you mind seeing that the Canadian Navy begins playing 'Rule Britannia' again?"

If that story is true, Mr. Churchill must have been terribly disappointed when he visited Ottawa last month. He discovered not only that "Mike" Pearson had done nothing whatsoever about putting "Rule Britannia" back on Navy bands' music racks, but also that sweeping the onetime English colony was a vast "revolutionary" movement, of which the Navy's banning of "Rule Britannia" some two years before was merely a symptom. Being gradually eliminated from Canadian ways, he found, was anything and everything that smacked of domination.

MR. CHURCHILL'S visit did not stem this rising tide of nationalism. Indeed, one of the chief purposes of his trip to Canada's capital unwittingly hastened the constitutional *coup d'état* being prepared by Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent; that is, the naming by The Government of Canada (instead of the King of Canada) of a Canadian (rather than a Briton) as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada, under the Great Seal of Canada (instead of the Royal sign, manual and signet).

The last Briton to hold the post was in office at the time of Mr. Churchill's visit: that famous soldier of the Second World War, His Excellency Field Marshal The Right Honorable The Viscount Alexander of Tunis. Mr. Churchill wanted him as Minister of Defense in the British Cabinet and asked him to take the job when they met in Ottawa. As a direct consequence, Lord Alexander's extended term as governor-general was cut short, ending January 28. (It has been stretched twice, beyond the regulation five years, because of "Alex's" popularity.)

Appointed as Canada's governor-general is plain Mister Vincent Massey; no title for him, unless the Liberal Government relents of its traditional bias against the conferring of titles on Canadians. However, Mr. Massey, who in 1927 was Canada's first diplomatic envoy to Washington and whose younger brother Raymond is not unknown to theatre and cinema audiences, lacks little else in honors. He has received more honorary degrees from universities than almost anybody—nineteen of them at the latest count.

The paradox for Americans in this situation is that the naming of a native Canadian citizen as Governor-General will in no way change the status of Canada as a monarchy. King George VI is King of Canada (his daughter Princess Elizabeth was warmly greeted here a few months ago as the future Queen of Canada) and he "rules" from Buckingham Palace through his personal representative in Canada, the Governor-General.

Prime Minister St. Laurent made his own sentiments clear to Mr. Churchill at the State Dinner, in a conversation which inadvertently was broadcast to newspapermen in the gallery by means of a "live" microphone at the banquet table.

"I believe," said the Canadian Prime Minister, that the monarchy is the best system of government ever devised."

The "revolution," then, is not directed against the monarchical system of government, but it is designed to wipe out all forms and usages of government which permit Canada's role to be interpreted as being in any way subject to Great Britain. Canadians wish to remove all non-vital traditional trappings and hope thereby to establish their independence clearly in the minds of other nations. Right now, for instance, they are bristling at the suggestion of United States Representative Timothy Sheehan, made in Congress last month, that the U. S. annex Canada through a purchase agreement with Britain.

CANADA, Canadians want everyone to know, gained its national sovereignty in 1935 with the passage of the Statute of Westminster. This bill gave Canada independence from Britain and created an equality of sister "Dominions" within the British Commonwealth of Nations. Since India became a republic, the group has been known simply as the Commonwealth.

Prime Minister St. Laurent's administration has made it their business to eliminate, wherever possible, the use of the words "Dominion" and "Royal." It was a fresh realization of this fact which prompted Mr. Churchill to say in his speech at the State Dinner that "you (bowing to Mr. St. Laurent) will not mind my styling [Canada] "The Great Dominion." Mr. St. Laurent was taken aback momentarily, then applauded diplomatically as hesitant laughter rippled over the Chateau Laurier ballroom.

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FERRETING out "Dominion" from government terminology has brought about many changes which are apparent in everyday life. For instance, telephone operators answer "Government of Canada" when 2-8211 is dialed. The number formerly was listed in the telephone book as "Dominion of Canada." For years to come Canadians will turn to the "D" section and wonder what happened to the government listings.

"Royal" is the other word fallen into disuse in governmental circles, although it still enjoys widespread acceptance in the commercial world as a name for restaurants, bakeries and laundries (all illegal, of course, because Canada is a Kingdom!). Trucks once bearing "Royal Mail Royale" on their vermilion sides—this being an officially bi-lingual country—now flash by with "Postes Canada Post" painted in gold.

These changes are not being effected without protest from some Canadians. Those of British stock resent the campaign, which they regard as "insidious." In Parliament, the Official Opposition has threatened to make an issue of the "revolution" and carry the battle to the electors. Even though the next federal elections may have that as a major issue, the balloting will be carried out according to the Canada Elections Act, which is a recent amendment to the Dominion Elections Act.

All these things Mr. Churchill learned while he was in Ottawa. Surprising then that in his speech to the Joint Houses of Congress, wherein he outlined the major changes which had taken place in the world since last he had addressed Congress, he should have forborne to mention the one great change which he must certainly consider significant; that is, the "revolution" in Ottawa.

If he did not make reference to it, perhaps it was because he heard "Rule Britannia" played twice during his visit here. Once a Grenadiers band played a few bars while Mr. Churchill inspected a guard of honor. The second time, the tune pealed out from the bells in the Peace Tower of the Parliament buildings as the old warrior arrived to lay a wreath in the Memorial Chamber.

G. CAMPBELL MCDONALD

Mr. McDonald is a Canadian newspaperman who covers the House of Commons at Ottawa.

The Defective as Movie Hero

By EDWIN HALSEY

MOVIES may or may not be getting better and better. They are certainly getting more depressing. It appears that Hollywood is attempting to meet the reproach of critics who charged the movies with being infantile by producing melodramas in which "adult" and "sordid" are almost equated.

The thing one so much misses in pictures like "A Place in the Sun," "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "The Death of a Salesman" is what Aristotle called *catharsis,* a purging of the emotions of fear and pity. Nowadays the audience comes out of one of these "adult" movies actually overburdened with fear and pity. The rare and discriminating critic may realize that he has seen a very bad piece of theatre, but the majority of the audience, having been assured by the columnists that this is high-class stuff, and not having arrived at any principled disagreement with this superficial judgment, comes out of the movie-house carrying a weight of unwanted and unnecessary emotion. The best we can hope is that they soon forget the whole thing. At the very least these plays are a waste of time.

They all seem to make the same aesthetic error. The protagonist is in no sense a "representative man," but either a neurotic or a fool. These are sociological, message-laden stories, which never achieve the status of the tragic. That is merely to say that one cannot believe in the protagonist as a man, or in his fate as portrayed in the story, without also disbelieving in the moral order of the world. These movie heroes are presented as victims of society. They are really victims of the moral order. Whereas an Aeschylus or a Shakespeare would have shown them as doomed by temperament or an ancient prophetic curse or Fate, our modern playwright pretends that society "breaks" them. Even this would be permissible if society were thought of as embodying an idea of justice or order. But it is a "bad" society which these authors attempt to portray, and it is not so much that they are concerned with the portrayal of people as that they have an abstract message about what is wrong with society. Society is the "villain," and "the hero" is crushed like a bug. Like a bug, but not like a man!

A man can still be a man and be crushed *by God* for his evil doings. But if nothing more principled than a decadent society is after him, he ought to put up something of a fight. Of course, if he is an innately defective man he may be crushed by anything, even a steamroller, and there is still some dramatic value in it. Yet unless there is some explicit recognition of this defectiveness, the heroes become not so much real characters as bottomless receptacles for the projected fear and pity of a misled audience. In the long run the audience is the real victim.

In each of the three pictures I have mentioned, there is a "time-lag" in the plot between the present, when the story is supposed to take place, and an earlier age, to which the protagonist's values properly belong. In the earlier age the values would not have been disastrous; in ours they quickly become so. But why do these victims, whom we are given as the central figures of such stories,

Mr. Halsey is a graduate student at Harvard University.

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show so singularly little insight into themselves and so little plain intelligence? Why must they be people who are doggedly trying to live in the past and according to the code of a bygone generation? Why are they not able to see the difference between a lasting value like courage or initiative and the detailed application of it to circumstances, which must necessarily change with time?

The playwrights seem to argue that it is because society is still paying lip-service to the old ideals. The old applications to circumstance are still the "respectable" ones. But lip-service is not so hard to see through. Most of us contrive a modicum of saving skepticism and a sprinkling of a sense of humor about ourselves and our contemporaries. Those people who have none of either are not heroic, but stupid or sick.

THE young man in "A Place in the Sun" is the most incredible sort of *ingenu*. He gapes helplessly at the baubles of the conspicuously wealthy, of which goodies he has had none in his own childhood and early youth. He feels a sort of immaculate envy of the rich, unspoiled by the least suspicion that the wealthy may be unworthy or shallow. At the same time he is a sentimentally likable sort — unpretentious and unassuming. His ambition makes him neither wary nor the least unkind. So he simultaneously involves himself in an adulterous romance with a nice poor girl, who becomes pregnant by him, and falls for a beautiful rich girl, who is captured by his wholesomeness and reciprocates his love.

Okay, maybe so; but you'll have to admit that the young man is not very bright and is not so much the victim of his bringing-up and his environment as of his congenital lack of wit. In the jargon of the day "he hasn't got all his marbles." He winds up in the electric chair without ever once showing the will-to-live or the resourcefulness of a bloodworm.

The psychotic heroine of "A Streetcar Named Desire" seems to have absorbed her sense of values from that "decaying South" which is used as the excuse for a lot of febrile literature these days. She thinks that "the opposite of death is desire" and that marriage with an overgrown man-child is a form of security. Her Edgar Allen Poe world may exist in the minds of some unbalanced Southern ladies, for all I know. But certainly there are few like Blanche DuBois kicking around in the real world. They exist mainly in the imaginations of a certain group of writers who may, for all of me, preoccupy themselves exclusively with the type. But I cannot take this sort of literary stuff as an important commentary on the human condition. People don't as a rule soak up their environment the way a blotter takes up ink.

And then there is Willy Loman, a madman if ever I saw one on the screen. And why should Willy try to turn traveling salesmanship into a quest for the Holy Grail? I can only suppose it is because he has never risen to that intellectual height from which huckstering is seen to be only a part of man's business on this earth, however necessary a part. He cannot see that picking up diamonds in the Kimberley Fields a generation ago and selling shoes on the New England road-circuit today are rather different things. Willy sees nothing, and in the movie he apparently kills himself rather than see anything. One supposes he must have been an unusually stupid guy — pathetic maybe, even holy in a sort of fantastic way like a village idiot. But he was not, I think, the victim of a social system. He was more a victim of his creator, whether that be God or Arthur Miller.

I could wish then that our serious screen dramatists would give us more significant and representative characters, or else make explicit the peripheral and exotic nature of their materials. They might stop eliciting pity and anxiety for these defectives who are living in a world of their own, where, for all we know, they are less unhappy than they sometimes seem.

Aristotle thought the tragedian should write about princes, men of high station and talents, not so much because they were conspicuous or notorious, but because he thought them morally typical. I should not propose that our dramatists try to write about "the man in the street." I think they are under the illusion that this is what they are doing already. Let them rather try to write about a man who is not merely a victim of, but also a responsible agent in, this middle world, which, after all, contains not only evil, but good.

The Stage

Come of Age

WHEN we were sophomores, we used to talk about finding a verse form for the jazz age, but very little harm ever came of it. A few fragmentary one-acters, dressed out in staccato rhythms and hard-boiled rhymes, got themselves produced by the more relentlessly avant-garde little theatres, and then, together with the theatres, quietly disappeared. Auden and Isherwood gave the effort a certain social standing by employing doggerel in the choral portions of their dramatic experiments, but they were wise enough to abandon the strict "jazz" form the moment they approached anything emotional.

It remained for Clemence Dane, in collaboration with composer Richard Addinsell, to pursue the sorry notion to its logical conclusion and, in 1934, he turned out an entire play written in the idiom, and with the metronomic beat, of Tin Pan Alley.

"Come of Age" was a quick, and richly deserved, failure when it was produced in 1934, but it did attract a cult of die-hards who felt that it had been wronged, and now, partly because of their enduring enthusiasm and partly because Judith Anderson has been interested in resuming her old role, it is on the boards again at City Center. Age has withered, and custom staled, its always limited variety.

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The trouble with rhymed couplets as a dramatic device is, of course, the fact that each rhyme, with its reinforced emphasis, constitutes a period. Where the rhyme falls, the line stops. An actress of Miss Anderson's skill may find a dozen ways—well, five or six, anyway—to elide the rhymes in order to keep going, but they still crop up as disturbing echoes. At best the method of playing them down casts considerable doubt on the validity of having put them there in the first place. In addition, when the line is deliberately shortened to conform to the terse tempo of a taxicab age—and to the syncopated popular music of such an age—the heavy stresses seem to turn up with every third word. The combination of emphatic beat and choppy line is finally maddening; and it effectively removes the possibility of any sustained emotional progress. The actors go round and round with the nervous music:

I can't guess what you're getting at
What you're everlastingly fretting at . . .

and I confess they had me dizzy.

Worst of all, the authors seem to gain nothing from their peculiar labors: no epigrammatic verve, no sudden flash of concise wit, no joy in having the inevitable word fall in the inevitable place. The rhyming is commonplace throughout—literally nothing that a sophomore couldn't produce in the first flush of his enthusiasm—and I thought that if one more line ended with "And so—' in order to pair it off with "Go!" or "No!" I would be driven into the silences of the night.

Even when the authors get around to writing a straight blues song, presumably the form on which their entire enterprise is modeled, they can only provide it with the kind of lyrics calculated to spur Miss Beatrice Lillie on to new, and more murderous, heights. In fact, I think Miss Lillie could make a little something of the whole performance.

It should, for the record, be added that all this elaborate experimentation in form is draped about a narrative of surpassingly mawkish sentimentality. The poet-suicide Thomas Chatterton, aged seventeen, is wakened by Death to indulge in a fashionably seamy love affair with a woman twice his age, on the theory that this will ripen him sufficiently for the glories of the grave. We get the fair-haired boy in the attitude of untimely demise, we get the conventional colloquy with Death ("importunate Death," I should say), we get the tender erotic awakening of the inexperienced, and we get the boy's final ascent into the blue, a purer and maturer flame. In short, we get a parade of banalities, and a pounding headache besides.

Judith Anderson is a fascinating actress to watch, and City Center has backed her up with a beautifully styled production. But the play in which she has chosen to reappear is almost completely described in an early, and incautious, line of Death's: "With every word we speak, days and nights go by."

WALTER KERR.

The Screen

Go Well

PERHAPS no movie could have caught the beauty of *"Cry, the Beloved Country"* since so much of the novel's charm lies in Alan Paton's fine poetic prose. The English production, now released in this country, is not entirely successful in capturing Paton's style, but it is such a good try and so emotionally stirring as a movie and as a social document that we should be thankful to have it—especially after the slicked-up theatrical concoction called "Lost in the Stars" which stemmed from the same book.

Since Alan Paton himself wrote the script for the movie and such a good moviemaker as Zoltan Korda handled the direction, it is surprising that the film doesn't have more of the book's quaint language (other than the delightful and well-used "Go well" and "Stay well") and that the picture is so episodic, with a series of mutual climaxes that become repetitious. I suspect, since the film was shot on location in South African country and in Johannesburg, certain scenes didn't turn out well, and later drastic editing resulted in its lack of continuity.

But with all its faults "Cry, the Beloved Country" is a powerful film that not only states well the problem of interracial unity but also moves toward its solution. As it tells its story of the Reverend Stephen Kumalo, the simple colored Anglican priest who goes from his small church in the country to look for his sister and son in Johannesburg, the movie never minimizes the racial problems confronting the blacks and whites in South Africa; but wisely it makes no attempt to cover all questions. Various aspects are suggested as we learn about the ignorant Negroes who leave the country to go to the city and live in crowded shanties or as we learn about the fearful whites who believe in helping the underdog and insist on keeping him under, but the film is mainly concerned in showing the beginnings of solution that could come about through understanding.

In this case it is the meeting of two fathers who are brought together in suffering: the black father, the country priest (magnificently played by Canada Lee, who conveys first bewilderment as he searches the city for his sister and son, and then despair when he finds his sister has become a prostitute and his son a criminal), and the white father, a prosperous farmer who lives in the green hills above the scorched valley where Kumalo's church is. This role is acted by Charles Carson who effectively portrays growth of character in a man. Although the fathers have lived fairly close to each other in the country, they meet for the first time when they are both in the depths of sorrow. During a robbery the black man's son killed the white man's. The case is complicated because the white man's son has long been pleading the cause of the Negro in South Africa.

The film muffs the big scene at the end when the bell tolls for the execution of the black man's son and the two fathers meet again in bereavement and under-

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standing. But by that time "Cry, the Beloved Country" has established itself. Its themes have moved your heart and your head. You have seen shanty town and the breeding place for crime in Johannesburg. You have seen Zolton Korda's good cast (the leads are well supported by Sidney Poitier as a very thoughtful young Negro priest, Joyce Carey as the mother of the murdered white man, and many other blacks and whites) enacting this powerful story that has much of the quality of a documentary film with its authentic backgrounds and sincere acting. And you come away hopeful as Paton's final words are flashed on the screen: Through suffering we come to the dawn of our emancipation from the fear of bondage and the bondage of fear.

IT IS interesting that at this same time should come another film from South Africa, a much different kind of a movie, a delightful, gay thing made with an all-native, non-professional cast in Alexandra on the outskirts of Johannesburg.

"The Magic Garden" tells a charming little story about what happens to several people in this community when a bagful of money (forty pounds) passes from hand to hand. An old man, feeling he is near death, gives his savings to the priest to spend on some worthy cause. A thief steals the money, hides it under a pumpkin where it is found by a poor widow (with a flock of cute kids) who needs just forty pounds to pay the hard-hearted grocer. The grocer is going to use the money to buy a bride, whose father is going to use the money to pay a debt to the moneylender. Well, the thief steals the money again, hides it in a tree where a young man finds it; and he buys the same bride with the money, which then goes to the moneylender from whom the thief steals it and hides it in the pocket of the priest's cassock.

The outcome is obvious, but the whole thing is so much fun and done with such naive simplicity that you just feel good and laugh along with the players as they scurry through the pleasant tale of how forty pounds brought so much happiness to so many. "The Magic Garden" was produced and directed by Donald Swanson who may have borrowed a couple of ideas from Rene Clair, but he does them so well, particularly in the giddy chases, that even Clair would be amused and pleased.

WITH "The Magic Garden" is being shown a semi-documentary made in Wales by Producer James Carr and Director-writer Paul Dickson. It is a very sweet and sentimental *and true* story about the caretaker of a boys' school. It is also about the small Welsh town to which the narrator returns after many years. Seldom does a remembrance-of-things-past documentary like this have such an authentic feeling. It was photographed in the town itself, and the caretaker is played by the caretaker himself. But to Director Dickson should go the credit for making this forty-minute film so realistic and at the same time so imaginative. *"David"* is the name of this departure from the run of films. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Communications

Negro Question

Houston, Texas.

TO THE Editors: I am Southern by birth and Catholic by preference. While the former puts me at a disadvantage when expressing an opinion on the Negro question, the latter, I believe, obligates me to do so.

Your magazine is very carefully read and appreciated in my home and in that of a number of my friends. With your other editorial policies I am in strong agreement, but in the matter of race relations I believe that you are doing the Negro a grave injustice.

Of course, injustice toward the Negro is obviously not your intention, but in your eagerness for what you see as social justice you have lost sight of the man who is incidentally and accidentally Colored and replaced him with a Cause. To you the Negro seems to have lost his essential dignity as a human being: a man, sometimes good and sometimes bad, sometimes wise and sometimes foolish, but always a child of God. He has become instead a kind of idealized symbol full of an impossible virtue, and living, at least in the South, in a huddled and hushed fear. The Negro you imagine could never laugh that soft loving laugh that puts the soul at ease.

You will please pardon me if I venture to suggest that some of your misconceptions stem from ignorance of the way the Negro lives, at least in the South. There is inequality here and, sometimes, injustice, no one would deny it, but to know only those conditions is to have a very distorted picture of the atmosphere in which the Southern Negro daily lives.

The neighborhood in which I live was developed as a section for middle and upper-middle class home owners. In a rapidly growing city it is distinguished by its convenience, the quality of its building and its beauty. In the past five years there has been a large influx of Negroes into this section and it will, no doubt, be exclusively Colored in another ten years or so.

These new residents show no tendency to bar and shutter their new homes, but have been most diligent in improving their houses and grounds. They shop at the local markets and stores, and several of them are regular communicants at the parish church. You will note that this has happened in the South, and there has been not one lynching, race riot, house burning or similar incident during the process.

IN Francis Downing's recent article (*Jan. 11 issue*) on the brutal murder of Mr. Moore there were some very sweeping and final statements made on the position which the Southern Negro holds under the law today. In evidence of the fact that there may be a more equitable though less publicized practice in common use than he seems to imagine, let me quote one recent case.

In the business section of our city, early in the afternoon, the white driver of a city bus was stabbed to death by a young Negro man. There were numerous witnesses

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to the crime, and when apprehended, the man did not deny his guilt. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to a life term which is now under appeal. His trial was held in an orderly manner, and his rights under the law were completely respected. He was not lynched nor was there any attempt made toward mob violence.

The lawyers for the defendant were provided by the Association for the Advancement of Colored People. This society has a very worthy objective, but it seems to hardly best serve its purpose when it espouses the cause of a man who is a confessed murderer with the same ardor as that of the effort to find Mr. Moore's murderers.

The Negro's life in the United States has not been easy, and he deserves better than the sentimentalizing and pseudo-moral indignation that surrounds him now. He does deserve to be looked at candidly, and praised for his virtues and blamed for his faults. The only way that this will ever come about is by our seeing the Negro as another child of God who, after all, has no other real business in this world than to try to save his soul. In Christian charity we white Southern Catholics are particularly obligated to help the Negro toward sanctity. We realize our inadequacy, and would ask you to lay down your stone and in the words of the vision to St. Paul, "Pass over into Macedonia and help us."

JOAN COCHRAN

Ridge, Maryland

TO THE Editors: I am a Southern Pastor. To me the suppression of the book *Southern Parish* is a great loss. I see the practice of segregation by the Catholics of the South as the greatest obstacle to the growth of the Catholic Church there. I see that this book *Southern Parish* has scientifically demonstrated the causal link between the sickness of the Body of Christ in the South and segregation against the Negro. This seems to me to be the underlying value of the book. It is a scientifically prepared charge of dynamite that has been inserted into the base of the granite mountain of prejudice after years of careful drilling. The circulation of this book would weaken the very basis of segregation. The suppression of it leaves the Southern pastor to chip away with his bare hands at this mountain that would have been blown up by this scientific book. . . .

If the book was basically wrong because it made known the scandal of segregation and how that sin of scandal is strangling the Church of the South, then must we be silent about scandal? If it is wrong to speak of the scandal of segregation is it not also wrong to speak of the scandal of the Crucifixion and the scandal of Mary Magdalene and of the scandal of Judas Iscariot? Our Lord wants these scandals to be spoken of in order that we may learn the truth. I want the truth that underlies *Southern Parish* to be made known to the good people of the South. It would be a strong medicine for their great weakness. Father Fichter is a physician of souls who has found a remedy for a disease that is killing the mystical Body of Christ. If we reject the remedy we continue the disease.

(REV.) RICHARD T. MCSORLEY, S. J.

"Danger Signs in Japan"

Topeka, Kansas

TO THE Editors: I count myself as one of the Japanese Christians who will share Mr. Hugh H. Smythe's apprehension over the religious status of the present Japan. (*Jan. 11 issue*). However I'd like to say that the problem at issue is much more complicated than he thinks it is. It is not just a matter of violation of religious liberty. To understand and solve the problem, one must be thoroughly familiar with Japanese customs and manners.

I can see very well that the foreigners will be quite offended when the Japanese people bow to the Emperor and his family. They take it immediately as "worship", because they never bow in Western countries unless in worship. But it is different with the Japanese. They bow almost every day to each other. Foreigners who lived long enough in Japan must have seen women or men bowing over and over when they meet on the street. Therefore we ask why we should not bow to the Emperor if we bow to each other. It is true that during the war time this became Emperor-worship, and was exploited by the war leaders. Nonetheless it was not so originally. Certainly even in the ancient Japanese literature you will find expressions referring to the Emperor as (a) God. But I must say that the Japanese concept of God was quite different from the Christian concept. I would rather think that Emperor-worship was precipitated by ultranationalism which she underwent under the pressure of global nationalism in the recent years and a transformation of its original naive natural feeling towards the head of the nation.

Also regarding the fact that the high government officials paid homage at some big shrines, I can see that this would arouse much apprehension in the minds of foreigners. But if they have religious minds as human beings, although not Christian, what else could you expect of them? Should they not go to shrines because they are government officials? Even in this country, where church and state are separated, I have found that at official ceremonies they pray and invoke God's help. Mr. Smyth will contend that this is an inexact parallel. I admit that, but nonetheless it is a parallel, the only parallel for the majority of the Japanese people. Of course here exists a danger toward a state religion. The only effective way to prevent this will be to propagate true Christian faith, which is not as easy a task as it might appear and will take a long time of patient labor.

About the Minister of Education Mr. Amano's intention of issuing a morals code, I will make some personal notes. He is a respected scholar of Kantian philosophy, and although not Christian, was immensely influenced in his youth by Kanzo Uchimura, a great pioneer in Japanese Christianity who once studied in this country. Some of Mr. Amano's books were banned during the wartime. Considering the chaotic condition in postwar Japan, I do not think of the effect as more detrimental if the Minister of Education issues a morals code, which

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will be nothing more than "natural law" applied to the Japanese soil. I understand that politics is a kind of education according to Aristotle. And in spite of all claims of "progressive education," education will include something imposed "from above."

In the last place, let me tell you from my personal experiences to what degree was the religious persecution in the wartime Japan. I was a Protestant by birth, converted to the Catholic Church in 1942. I received catechism from a German Jesuit and was baptized by him, without any inference. I served in the Army for three years, during which period I could go to church almost every Sunday in uniform. Of course such privilege was not available to every soldier; I was a medical officer. There was another German priest with whom I was associated during the war. He attacked Shintoism from the pulpit almost each Sunday. I advised him against it, not because it was essentially incorrect, but because there is something more to Shintoism than a state religion. He would not listen to me. It was some months later after I was transferred to another post that I heard he was arrested. He was kept in prison until the end of the war. I repeat that this is only my personal experience, and by no means do I intend to deny all injustice and ingratitude done to the foreign missionaries as well as some Japanese Christians during the war.

LUCAS TAKEO DOI, M.D.
Resident Psychiatrist
Topeka State Hospital

European Union

Sunnyside, Washington

TO THE Editors: Gilbert K. Smith in his letter on European Union (*Jan. 11 issue*) makes some very categorical statements on this problem which are typical of so many people born and raised in the United States. He demands "that Europe once and for all turn her back on her past, and wipe out the anachronistic, man-made national boundaries to form a great economic and political union." The remainder of his letter rests on these assumptions.

If you imagine a well-to-do citizen with a twenty-acre piece of property on which he lives comfortably and with ease with a family of, let us say, five, and across the road on ten acres twenty families of small resources with a lot of bickering among the wives and children, and if you saw this man cross the street and tell the neighbors off in this vein: "I am sick and tired of your petty arguments. I pay more taxes than you, practically your light, your sewer, your assessment bills. Why don't you all move into one house and have peace?"—then you have what this kindly American advice looks like to the Europeans: a rich, easy-going neighbor telling off his crowded less-fortunate contemporaries.

Europe cannot turn her back on her past, nor can we in America. If we really did something about our past by stopping racial inequality, by abolishing urban and rural slums, by stopping the vicious practice of importing Mexican cheap labor and by protecting our Chief Executive from imputation of base motives, we might get a hearing.

Europe is, to say the least, a mature continent and will only take advice when it is given without arrogance. Europe knows history and has its eyes open and does not share our preferred version of the United States history. They consider the United States an empire that was colonized by the same people who colonized the rest of the world, with the difference that it had enough stamina to go on its own. But they see little difference between the thirteen original States expanding to the West Coast and, e.g., Spain seizing South America.

Now, I know that there are differences and that the Europeans just don't understand them. But I feel that this argument cuts both ways. The ancient cultures, the languages, the vested interest make for deeper differences on a narrower space than between Yankees and Southerners who at least have in common the English language, the Protestant faith, a common history up to 1861 and yet have never become one as they should have. Isn't it a bit unwise to go out and preach to people as cynical as the French, the Germans, the Spaniards and the Italians?

As to the man-made, anachronistic frontiers of Mr. Smith, I can only deplore such loose talk. Certainly, some of the frontiers are man-made and some anachronistic, but some of our own frontiers look mighty man-made, almost desk-made, and some Congressman only yesterday proposed that the Canadian border was anachronistic and should be wiped out! Yet it is not quite a division, as old and as natural as the mountains ringing Bohemia, the Alps separating France from Italy, the Pyrenees and the Channel.

George Kennan has pointed to a weakness of our foreign policy: the moralistic tone in which, like a self-appointed governor, we always try to tell our elders how to do things. This is built on the assumption that their problems are the ones of naughty, stupid and sly children. Neither Europe nor Asia is going to stand in the corner and mind her manners. The only result is that they become increasingly bitter about us, call us arrogant and ignorant, and contract a superiority complex that will make it harder and harder to work with them.

A UNITED Europe is a *European* dream. Its realization requires patience and courage and certainly a very deep and kind understanding of real difficulties. The way some of our loudest critics want it done with enforced quotas of production, scrapping of artificially nurtured industries, displacing of populations, is only possible if we allow another Napoleon, Hitler or Stalin to do it. The kindness and understanding of a man like Eisenhower is constantly nullified by outbursts of arrogant impatience at home and by roving Congressmen and reporters who don't even understand the languages they are being questioned in. There is a vast difference between a Continent carved up by a few people and then organized to suit them and a Continent in which invasion after invasion settled three times as many people on half the space for four thousand years. (REV.) H. A. REINHOLD.

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The Quiet General

By JAMES O'GARA

ONE of the greatest inducements toward autobiographical writing by political and military figures is the opportunity it provides to explain, or to explain away, one's conduct and decisions. The trend is enthusiastically hailed by publishers and scholars alike, and many public figures have already made their experiences and personal reactions a matter of record. Winston Churchill, Generals Dwight Eisenhower, Omar Bradley (with Bill Mauldin apparently having the last word in his long battle with the generals by doing the *Life* illustrations), Robert Eichelberger, Joseph W. Stilwell — the litany of the great and near-great who have reported how the making of history looked to them could be extended to considerable length.

General of the Army George Catlett Marshall is among the few who have shunned an excursion into the literary world. Marshall says he has enough enemies without writing a book (a statement that makes the book sound as if it might be worth both the writing and the reading). One of the penalties for failure to provide one's own book, of course, is that somebody else is inevitably tempted to try his hand at it. Not having written his own, General Marshall is currently suffering someone else's. A recent biography of him, written by Robert Payne (*The Marshall Story,* Prentice-Hall, $5.), is now in the book stores.

President Truman once referred to Marshall as "the greatest living American." This was a strong statement, even coming from a man known for his passionate loyalties, but Marshall's life certainly deserves a more careful examination and balanced evaluation than Payne has given it. *The Marshall Story* is frequently pretentious and high-flown and shows internal evidence either of ineptitude or of great haste. In view of Mr. Payne's yearly output (a young man, he has authored more than forty books) it seems likely that the latter is largely responsible for its defects. That *The Marshall Story* is worth discussing at all is, I suppose, something of a tribute to Mr. Payne's dexterity as well as to General Marshall's historical importance.

THE historical importance of George Catlett Marshall is undeniable. This is the George Marshall who was at various times Chief of Staff, Secretary of State, and Secretary of Defense, during what was perhaps the most crucial era to date in our national history. This is the George Marshall who found himself with an army of less than 200,000 men when he was sworn in as Chief of Staff, on the same day that Hitler invaded Poland. It is the Marshall who has always counseled strength for those who wish to make their desire for peace effective. It is the man who said in 1945:

We have tried since the birth of our nation to promote our love of peace by a display of weakness. This course has failed us utterly, cost us millions of lives and billions of treasure. The reasons are quite understandable. The world does not seriously regard the desires of the weak. Weakness provides too great a temptation to the strong, particularly to the bully who schemes for wealth and power.

We must, if we are to realize the hopes we may now dare have for lasting peace, enforce our will for peace with strength. We must make it clear to the potential gangsters of the world that if they dare break our peace they will do so at their great peril.

From the vantage point of today, Marshall's words in 1945 seem prophetic, but they fell upon unwilling ears. Against all his convictions and despite his efforts to keep us from stripping ourselves of power, Marshall was then forced, ironically enough, to preside over the destruction of the greatest fighting force this nation has ever possessed. This is the same Marshall who was responsible for the magnificent conception we call by his name, the Marshall Plan. And now, with the best 20/20 hindsight in the country, Senator McCarthy and his allies charge this same Marshall with a major portion of the responsibility for what the Senator from Wisconsin calls, with a nice turn of phrase, "America's Retreat from Victory."

Marshall should not be exempt from criticism. Departing far from legitimate criticism, however, some of Marshall's enemies have not hesitated to impute to him the most sinister of motives. So persistent have been these innuendoes and so widespread their uncritical acceptance, that in the introduction to this biography Robert Payne feels compelled to say: "Twice, when he committed errors of vast and tragic dimensions, I have thought it necessary to enquire into the reasons for his failure; but those who believe that General Marshall is an agent of an enemy power will find no comfort in the chapters which explore his errors." The necessity to affirm that a public servant of Marshall's stature is not an agent of an enemy power is perhaps as good an indication as one could find of the straits in which we find ourselves.

Payne's views are clearly a long way from those of Senator McCarthy, but his book is nevertheless unsatisfactory. Part of the difficulty may be traced to what seems a certain fuzziness of intention, either deliberate or unwitting. Payne proceeds without hesitation from ridiculously full-blown praise of Marshall, which makes the great man more — or less — than human, to lengthy but vague references to certain crucial Marshall decisions which Payne considers to have been mistakes. Mistakes Marshall undoubtedly made, in a life filled with thousands of life-and-death decisions, but this biography is not much help to us in reaching an objective estimate of the more controversial issues in his career. Payne labels certain decisions as mistakes and locates them in highly explosive areas, but he fails to delineate them carefully enough for thorough scrutiny.

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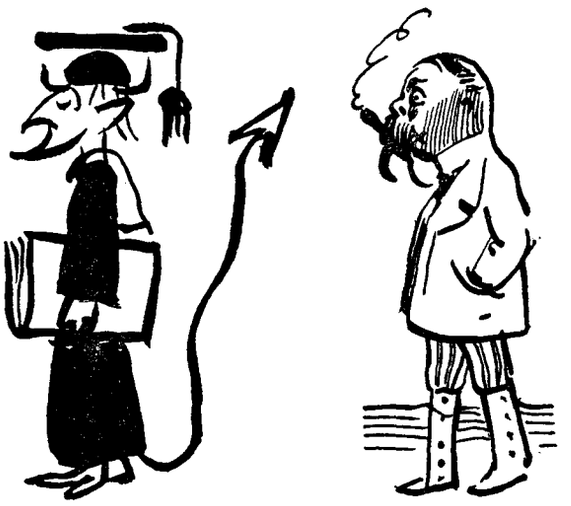
A GOOD instance of this weakness may be found in the chapter headed "Debacle in China." It is widely felt now that our policy in China was tragically wrong, defeatist and bankrupt from the start. Mr. Payne also considers Marshall's ill-fated mission to China a black mark on his record. But exactly what he thinks our China policy *should* have been is far from clear. Apparently, Marshall was wrong in Payne's estimation, not because no coalition government with the Communists was possible but for these reasons: Marshall returned to Washington at what Payne considered a crucial stage in the proceedings; he continued his mission long after he had outstayed his usefulness; he was unable to make a choice. Payne places great emphasis on the need, in times like these, for people who can make choices, but exactly what this means in connection with Marshall and China is not quite clear, for in the same chapter he wrote:

> *The victory of the Chinese Communists was now inevitable. Marshall had not delayed their victory or helped it onward. He had assisted the Kuomintang to the best of his ability, but the Kuomintang had sedulously resisted his advice. The embargo on the transfer of military supplies to the Kuomintang Government was due to his advocacy, but if there had been no embargo it would not have appreciably affected the course of the war between the Chinese Communists and the Kuomintang: the Chinese came to victory by the massive employment of captured Kuomintang weapons. If there had been no embargo, they might have conquered China more quickly.*

That Payne considers our policy in China to have been mistaken is clear enough. What is not so clear is why he thinks so, what choice he thinks Marshall should have made, and what course he, Payne, would have prescribed for the U. S.

A BOOK which contains praise and a certain amount of criticism might sound like a tempered, well-balanced judgment, but the Payne biography of Marshall clearly falls short of that. Instead it gives the impression, not only of haste and poor planning, but also of seeking to draw readers from both the pro- and anti-Marshall camps, by voicing praise fulsome enough for a funeral oration and criticism vague enough to fit almost any set of convictions brought to it by the reader. Like most attempts to hare and hound it at the same time, this effort is not likely to please either side, and it certainly won't satisfy the scholar.

A careful biography of Marshall worthy of his historical importance would be a helpful thing, especially since his career seems destined to become something of a political football. A good start in that direction would be his own memoirs, fully and honestly set down. One real service a book like Payne's could provide would be to prod General Marshall out of his self-imposed silence. Enough such books, and Marshall might conceivably seek his own lease on *Life*.



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Books

Eisenhower. John Gunther. Harper. **$2.50.**

JOHN GUNTHER'S latest guided tour through one of the great facts of our time is as timely, anecdote-packed and breathless as most of his others, but not quite as colorful. It uses material drawn from numerous books, reports and magazine articles written by other people —with due credit given—and personal interviews with the general. Most of the facts are familiar, but it is good to have them brought together, sorted, and presented in readable fashion to help judge a man who may be one of our choices for President.

If Gunther doesn't get too deep inside Ike, it's because Ike is not too deep. This is not meant in any derogatory sense—Eisenhower is not a complex personality, but a man of action, and non-philosophical in that he does not like to deal in abstractions. According to Gunther, he would be the first to admit this. Neither is he as controversial—and therefore as colorful, in a journalistic way—as MacArthur, the subject of Gunther's previous book.

As a result, Gunther's portrait is an almost monotonously complimentary one, and he has to rely on a lot of illustrative stories picked up here and there, and not always well-authenticated, to keep it moving.

There is little doubt that Eisenhower is one of the most powerfully appealing figures in the world today. Despite the fact that much of his current popularity is purely emotional and typical American adulation of the successful man, he has the qualities to back it up—courage, integrity, forthrightness, a high and intelligent conception of duty, tremendous ability—all the things that give hope to a tired world.

Gunther covers them well, without adulation, along with the aspects of his life that are going to cause him trouble either with his own party opponents, or with the Democrats as the campaign gets hotter. These include the straitening effect of a long military career on his outlook, his previous statements on the inadvisability of military men's seeking office, the strong conservative views he has expressed on such things as social welfare, his "soft" attitude to the Russians, and his close identification with the Truman foreign policy. These are all things the individual voter should know more about if Eisenhower is to become a candidate, and after reading this book it seems that it will not be long before he speaks up more clearly on them.

Gunther has helped to make some things quite clear already, and in all fairness they should be recognized. Eisenhower is not merely a good-natured trouble-shooter who managed to keep the Allies from fighting among themselves with soft words and sweet music. His success in World War II and his current contribution to the defense of the West are real achievements. He is not a "professional military man" trying to keep himself surrounded in a myth of glory until he can move into the spotlight and take the country by storm. He is rather a soldier who has been called on to do a job that requires the highest type of statesmanship and wants to complete that job to the best of his ability. And he longs as passionately, and as sincerely for peace as any of us, and his heart's desire is to help achieve it. President or not, as Gunther concludes, he is a first-rate American and America has every right to be proud of him.

PAUL V. FARRELL.

Jefferson Selleck. Carl Jonas. Little, Brown. $3.

IF PUBLISHERS would be more reticent in comparing their books to distinguished and even great books published in the past, authors would probably get a better shake from reviewers—and on their own merit. It is to be remembered by the reviewers, however, that sales are more important to the publisher than the reviewers. If a book has certain resemblances to Augustine's *Confessions, Look Homeward Angel,* or *Studs Lonigan* a mention of the kinship on the jacket or in an ad is well nigh irresistible.

In the instance of *Jefferson Selleck* the publisher has had the good sense to use the term "reminds"—it will remind one of *The Late George Apley* the publisher suggests via the jacket copy. He also adds that Jefferson Selleck "is Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt thirty years later."

The reviewer, having been anticipated as to his sententious possibilities, must now proceed to try and tell the reader what the book is really like.

This novel in the form of memoirs of a dying Midwestern businessman does remind one of *Apley*. It has the form, stoicism, the quiet humor and rigorous maintenance of the façade of respectability — but, unlike *Apley*, it achieves these qualities with less intensity and in a sporadic manner, lessening the final stature of the book.

Mr. Jonas is a careful craftsman who writes with security in the language and an eloquent intimacy with the intricacies of mind and heart. He does there a refreshingly clever and entertaining job of compounding Apley and George Babbitt, but the thing smacks of a tour de force.

Jefferson Selleck of the town of Gateway is a lovable Rotarian, conscientious husband and father, astutely successful businessman, good soldier, good sport, solid Republican, secularized Protestant and all-around stoic. We get, through interpolations in the memoir, the impression that he, like Apley, is most stuffy and rigorously conventional. Yet the memoirs themselves do not seem to bear this out. He likes a drink, he likes to take hunting trips with the boys, he is chief noisemaker at the Republican national convention, he got chummy with a German princess while touring postwar Europe. He seems like a helluva good sport, much more like the late George Babbitt than the late George Apley.

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The late Jefferson Selleck, in this reviewer's opinion, would have fared much better in a less artificial framework, but Mr. Jonas is a good enough writer to sustain and satisfy the reader's interest, in any package.

Jefferson Selleck, perhaps like many of his hail-fellow prototypes in the business world, takes a pleasantly amorphous view of things religious. He realizes well enough that the kingdom of God is within but seems to feel it hasn't too much relation to the kingdom of God in heaven.

He has some sage attitudes toward love, divorce, the values of family and trueness to self. Its an engaging book if a rather half-baked one.

JOE DEVER.

Heavens on Earth: Utopian Communities in America 1680-1880. *Mark Holloway. Library Publishers.* $4.75.

WITHIN the 230 pages of this book, the author has managed to give a detailed account of American communitarian experiments in the past. It is a comprehensive survey, made by an understanding mind in which reverence for man's endeavor is allied to a sense of proportion and humor. Hence it makes for delightful reading about a subject which should be studied now as never before, since the whole world's present tendency is to experiment along the very path tread years ago by the Labadists, the Shakers, the Rappites, Zoarites, Owenites, Fourienists, Amanites, Perfectionists, Icarists, Hutterites, etc.

Mr. Holloway knows how to make them all alive for us, and how to give a sense of continuity, throughout the centuries, to this adventure of the spirit whose contemporary representatives are to be found in Israel in the *kibbutzim* and in France in the Communities of Work.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

Impressions Respecting New Orleans: Diary and Sketches 1818-1820. *Benjamin Henry Boneval Latrobe. Edited, with an introduction and notes, by Samuel Wilson, Jr. Columbia.* $8.75.

IF YOU haven't heard of Benjamin Henry Boneval Latrobe, the fault may not be yours, nor even that of the good soul who struggled to teach you American history in high school. For Latrobe happened to be an architect, and architects, for some strange reason, aren't usually mentioned in our textbooks, no matter how deeply they may have influenced American life.

That Latrobe was influential can scarcely be denied; though he didn't reach the United States until 1796, when he was thirty-two, this British-trained genius, born in England of American Moravian parents, succeeded so brilliantly in mortifying the mediocrities who hoped to pass for members of the architectural profession that, long before he died of the yellow fever in New Orleans in 1820, he could honestly claim to have frightened a generation of architects out of their easy chairs. Commonly credited with being the first in America to try his hand at the Gothic and Grecian revivals, he was impatient with anyone who presumed that designing a building was a matter of memorizing a vocabulary; as he told Jefferson, "it is not the *ornament*, it is the *use* that I want."

He despaired now and then of himself and of America—"I shall at last make cloth, steam engines, or turn tailor for money, for money is honor," he complained—yet in the end he won an enviable number of significant commissions, including the Cathedral of Baltimore, and despite the indifference of too many statesmen, saw to it that the U. S. Capitol bore the imprint of his personality.

Since the U. S. Capitol was largely Latrobe's design, one might think that this was fame enough, even for so restless an intellect. But Latrobe, as readers of the opening chapters of Henry Adams' history of the Jefferson and Madison administrations will instantly recall, was also a peculiarly penetrating diarist, and if he had done no more than set down his impressions of the new republic, he would deserve never to be forgotten. Who else, after all, would have had the wit to observe that "to be civilly received by the fashionable people, and to be invited to the President's, it is necessary to visit the British ambassador"?

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Now, thanks to Samuel Wilson, Jr., whose introduction is a genuine contribution to architectural scholarship, we are privileged to glance at over one hundred fifty pages of Latrobe's journals in the last two years of his life, most of which is omitted from the previous published diary, but no less entertaining than what is already in print.

Perhaps the highest praise that can be given this richly illustrated book, with the water colors of the harbor and of ships at sea, and its many sketches of the more important monuments, is that Latrobe lives up to his reputation. Though he was busy enough in these years planning New Orleans' desperately needed water supply, the architect was apparently never too tired to set down his ideas on every conceivable subject, from the layout of the Place d'Armes to the liturgy in the local Cathedral.

Latrobe was disillusioned, of that there can be no doubt. "I remember," he wrote, "the time I was over head & ears in love with *Man in a state of nature*—By the bye, I never heard of any fine theory spun together in behalf of *Woman in a state of nature. Social compacts* were my hobbies, the American revolution (I ask its pardon, for it deserves better company) was a sort of dawn of the golden age, & the French Revolution the Golden Age itself. I should be ashamed to confess all this if I had not had a thousand companions in my kaleidoscopic amusement, & those generally men of ardent, benevolent, & well-informed minds, & excellent hearts. Alas! experience has destroyed the illusion, the kaleidoscope is broken, and all the tinsel of scenery that glittered so delightfully is tarnished & turned to raggedness. A dozen years residence in the republican court of Washington has assisted wonderfully in the advance of riper years."

Yet Latrobe was no cynic, and his hopes for the success of the American experiment survived even his disgust for the treatment of the slaves in New Orleans. He could laugh, too, although not without a suspicion of bitterness, at the confusion reigning in Washington, D. C., a city which he was positive was misplanned, rather than planned, by L'Enfant. "Never did a town exist," he thought, "more ingeniously contrived to be inconvenient, tiresome, expensive, soul-corrupting, temper-destroying, & detestable."

I could go on quoting from this curiously discontented architect, but perhaps enough had been said to suggest that these impressions respecting New Orleans are too keen to be buried in the bookshelves of our antiquarians. If the America of a century and a half ago is worth understanding, Latrobe is worth reading, not by scholars alone, but by what should be a larger audience.

WAYNE ANDREWS.

The Autobiography of a Hunted Priest. John Gerard. Translated from the Latin by Philip Caraman. With an Introduction by Graham Greene. Pellegrini & Cudahy. $3.50.

ALMOST too much is evoked by John Gerard's story. Too many things want saying; too many comparisons want to be drawn. Even Graham Greene in his introduction cannot be entirely satisfying.

Hunted Priest is the autobiography of a Jesuit who worked under disguise in England from the year 1588 to 1606. The dates could be hardly more significant. The story of his life on the English Mission is also a noble "passion" of countless martyrs, priests and layfolk, who suffered and died for their Catholic Faith. It is as thrilling and as beautiful in the simplicity of its prose as the early Christian acts of the martyrs.

In the intimacy of the telling there is a special fascination to the book, even apart from the drama of the recusant Englishman's plight. Yet that doesn't quite describe its unusual quality either. The profane history of the times is so well known, and so extolled, that this personal account of Catholic life under active persecution makes the Elizabethan England that we know so well appear in the most striking of contrasts. The names we meet are those from Campion and Southwell to Elizabeth and Essex.

John Gerard's book is a deeply sincere history of one of the greatest

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pages from Jesuit history. It is, as well, a splendid tribute to a lay apostolate heroic enough to merit our envy.

Father Caraman's translation of this remarkable book is worthy only of the highest praise. In his well-documented and exhaustively annotated presentation, he has enhanced the narrative through his scholarship.

JAMES F. KITTLESON.

A Doctor's Pilgrimage. Edmund A. Brasset, M.D. Lippincott. $3.50.

THE reason that this volume has become a best seller in its own modest way is not hard to understand. Nowadays almost anything personal about medicine is sure to be popular. This simple straightforward account of a young doctor's experiences in Nova Scotia is particularly engaging. It comes up with a number of good yarns, is unpretentious and at times quite funny, and it manifests a very wholesome attitude toward life. Some readers will be strongly attracted by a way of living that produces so much in human values yet involves so little money. For Dr. Brasset and his family Acadia is Arcadia. He has succeeded in giving the country warm human meaning and in providing a significant glimpse into the medico's calling.

REVIEWERS

Paul V. Farrell is an editor with the Conover-Mast Publishing Company.

Joe Dever is the author of two novels.

Claire Huchet Bishop is the author of *All Things Common*, a report on the European Communities of Work.

Wayne Andrews has written extensively on American cultural and historical subjects.

Rev. James F. Kittleson is a priest of the diocese of Great Falls, Montana.

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"To say that error has no rights is, of course, true. It does not follow, however, that the man who is in error has no rights; neither does it follow that the state should suppress every idea which in the opinion of the rulers of a country is an error, whether the ruler be a monarch or a majority.

"Whereas the state has the responsibility to assist its citizens to obtain intellectual goods, its power to suppress error is limited to those errrors which, if they were propagated, would be clearly and directly destructive of stable political society.

"In the same way the state has the right to suppress moral teaching and practices which are contrary to the common good. The United States government has forbidden the Mormon practice of bigamy as destructive of the moral stability of society. The state must not deny moral perfection. It has a positive obligation to encourage morality . . .

"It is not true, however, that the state has a corresponding right to suppress all immorality. The purpose of the state, i.e., of its laws, is to secure, as Solovyev has declared, 'the practical realization of a definite minimum of good' and 'to do away with a certain amount of evil.' Thus the law should not attempt to eliminate all evil but certain extreme forms of evil, and seek to bring about a definite minimal good, to require of all a minimum of virtue. Man must be left free to develop in virtue."

Representative Eugene J. McCarthy
in The Commonweal, May 18, 1951

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